

PITTSBURGH, SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1890.

A NIGHT AT THE EXPO.

The Merry Music, Flitting Maidens, Garrulous Gents and Assorted Cranks Seen There.

TUMBLES ON A CROOKED STAIR.

A Young Gentleman of Pale Intellectually Who is Madly in Love With a Pretty Wax Figure.

QUAINT CHARACTERS IN THE CROWDS.

The Tough Man Who Clears Out the Art Gallery After the Show is Over.

WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.

THE ASIDES OF THE EXPOSITION were crowded with silent spectators.

In the orchestra stood Conductor Jones, his baton raised, waiting for the 9 o'clock bell to ring forth its tinkling message.

The seats below were filled with eager listeners, while from the halls and galleries came hordes of music lovers to hear the opening of the evening concert.

Then the bell sounded, the conductor's baton waved thrice in the air, and with a

falling note from one of the violins, a quick growl from the trombone, and a low, authoritative tap from the big drum, the band of the "gallant Thirteenth" was whirling merrily through a rollicking overture from "La Grande Duchesse."

With the music, the charm of silence seemed broken; and a ripple of conversation passed through the gaily lighted hall.

Every maiden in the audience, who had anybody to talk to, parted her pretty lips, and rapturously exclaimed: "Oh! isn't it

been observed to stand before this picture for hours together. He was finally questioned by one of the Exposition police, and turned out to be a tall, crony young fellow who had fallen in love with the wax figure. The policeman, seeing his laminae condition, humored him in his delusion; and the lovers went away rejoicing in the promise of an introduction to the object of his affections.

Next day he returned with a huge bouquet of roses, which he declared were for the lovely lady in the glass case. To please him, the flowers were placed in the case at the feet of the wax figure; and again he went away quite happy. Since that day he has regularly reappearance, each time with flowers, which are laid as tributes before the captivating lady in wax. He can be seen going at the case for an hour every afternoon, and the visitor will notice that particular glass case is always filled with the choicest roses.

The Exposition is full of what an artist would call "bits of character." If only one keeps one's eyes open for them. There are the usual legions of fends and cranks. The most interesting perhaps the most numerous. There is a free tea feed, and a free biscuit feed. There is also the grand free everything feed who, it is positively as-

certed, does nothing but stroll from stall to stall eating all kinds of food which he can obtain for nothing. The first thing he does is to go to the pay board bills—his life is one long lunch.

The piano-trying crank is the worst of the cranks. He insists on playing time-worn tunes upon every piano exhibited in the hall, and if he can lay hands on any other species of musical instrument he will attempt to play it too. The machinery-tecnicus can't need a pay board bill—his are the advertisement-collecting cranks and the wretched inquisitive crank who keeps asking everyone he meets to be directed to some part of the Exposition about which no one knows anything.

But there are some really quaint "bits of character" too; and one of these we saw at a well known exhibit of interesting liquors. In the glass case of the stall were ranged a number of whisky bottles, which lay with the light glowing on their spurned sides in an exceedingly tempting manner. Over the bottles stood an old gentleman with rubicund cheeks and still more rubicund nose, whose white hairs only emphasized the vibrant expression of his face. As

well as one could see through the old fellow's spectacles, there was a decided sparkle in his eye; and once, when his suggestive nose had approached itself rather near the alluring bottles he heard him smack his lips in a very energetic manner. Finally he made a purchase at the counter, folded something up in a brown paper, and hastened in the direction of the nearest means of exit.

In Mechanical Hall "I went merry as a marriage bell," until we reached the famous glass plant. Here we stayed awhile, watching the unaccountable surprises displayed by Pittsburghers who have lived among glass houses all their lives at the ordinary work of the men employed. Dorothy was quite pleased for a time, but presently she began to catch a shiver, and at some of the brawny glassworkers' sons of Anak inside the glass plant rails. Finally, she turned to the writer and said: "Aren't they well fellow? How refreshing it is to see a real man at last!"

Can the writer be blamed because he went off into a white heat at this remark? "After all the lemonade and popcorn which Dorothy had gotten that night, it was surely a cruel thing to say."

Dorothy was, of course, very repentant when she had once done the mischief. But the soul of the writer was full of wrath, and conversation slackened between us as we hastened to take a look through the picture galleries before the Exposition closed for the night.

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PHOTOS IN THE DARK.

Secrets of Earth and Sea Shown by Magnesium Flash Light.

THE CAMERA IN CAVES AND MINES.

USEFUL IN FISHING IN OIL WELLS.

WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.

Since the introduction of magnesium "flash" light as a substitute for the rays of Old Sol, photographers have been able to make their pictures at night, in doors or out, and even underground in mines, caves and other recesses of the earth where the light of day never penetrates.

Photographs had been made even before the invention of the camera before the picture was sufficiently impressed. Magnesium, in coiled wire or ribbon, was found most successful for illuminating subterranean pictures. The magnesium was coiled upon a reel, and unrolled by means of a crank, and a steady light could be given throughout the entire time of exposure.

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THEY TREAD LIGHTLY.

Montreal People Abhor Noise as Most Folks Do Brimstone.

THE JERUS TALK IN WHISPERS.

NOT LIKE RATTLE-TE-BANG PITTSBURG.

WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.

The summer tourist who loafs around by way of Montreal will be impressed with two things—the quiet of the town and the prevalence of the milk shake. Montreal should be called the Noiseless City, and how a flourishing town of 200,000 inhabitants can so completely wrap itself in the mantle of solitude surpasses the understanding of one from the "States."

A wagon load of milk with banging interlarded through it explains that Montreal makes a business of keeping itself quiet. The bells on the street car horses, if there are any bells at all, are such small and so-tot affairs as to be a pleasure rather than a pain.

Street car conductors do not startle their passengers with shrill whistles, and the horse track between the rail and the street is paved with a view to making as little noise as possible. The effect of all this is soothing to the nerves of one from an American city.

"We try to get along with as little noise as possible," said a Montreal business man. "New York, Brooklyn, Pittsburg, Chicago and St. Louis should send committees, and we will show them how we do it."

EVERY JERUS QUIET. In the meantime Grandfather Lickhangle may be permitted to describe the novelty of visiting a city where there is no noise. As our party of four emerged from the steamer the ship rickety on the river, and straightway we became a piano on which he answers her plaintive notes.

The young people. Vin, invites the party to visit Henley Hecata. At the recesses Mr. Ellison is prevailed upon by Vin. She studies them intently on parting that she has been compromised by the visit. Mairie makes no effort to conceal from her grandfather, not in earnest. At last she has been so far from home that she comes to the conclusion that George Bethune and his daughter are after Vin's money.

starts out to save him, but Mairie wins her with a song. In order to make possible a tour of the country, she has been so far from home that she comes to the conclusion that George Bethune and his daughter are after Vin's money.

Mairie knows all about it. It almost convinces Vin, that his old friend is a first-class fraud in having sold out for a mere trifle. Mairie's honesty, and at last asks old George Bethune if he may make it his business to protect her. The next thing that happens is the engagement of Lord Musselburgh and Mrs. Ellison.

CHAPTER XI. HOLY PALMER'S KISS. This was a bright and cheerful afternoon in November; and old George Bethune and his granddaughter were walking down Regent street. A brilliant afternoon, indeed; and the scene around them was quite gay and animated; for the wintry sunlight was shining on the big shop fronts and on the busy movements and on the open carriage that rolled by with their occupants gorging in velvet and silk and fur. Nor was George Bethune moved to any spirit of envy by all this display of luxury and wealth; no more than he was oppressed by any sense of solitariness amid this slow-moving, murmuring city.

The Canadian, of Hibernian extraction, who drove us about town next day uncovered his head as we passed the Deaf and Dumb Asylum out of respect for the quiet people within. Long trains roll in and out of the Grand Trunk and Canadian Pacific depots, but the whistle of the locomotive is muffled, and as you watch the phenomenon the beating of your own heart is all the sound you hear.

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AN AWFUL HABIT. In regard to the milk-shake habit it may be said to be universal. It is within the golden limits of truth to state that any business house in Montreal can supply you with milk-shake. Milk is cheap in Canada and the shake is a mere matter of unskilled labor, so in many places you can get a milk-shake for a middling "tuppence," though the regular price is 5 cents. You can get a milk-shake in a millinery store, a blacksmithshop or a general furnishing store. One "medical hall," as a drug store is called, displays a sign, "Milk-shake compounding by H. E. H. The Prince of Wales," notwithstanding the fact that the opinion that the Prince of Wales has had no use for a milk-shake since the day he was weaned.

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STANDARD FACT.

CRAIG ROYSTON.

A NOVEL DEALING WITH COTEMPORARY LIFE.

WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.

BY WILLIAM BLACK,

Author of "A Princess of Thule," "Sunrise," and Many Other Stories of the Highest Reputation on Two Continents.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

The story opens at Piccadilly with aged George Bethune and his granddaughter, Mairie, on their way to the residence of Lord Musselburgh. The old gentleman is a noble Scotch laird and claims to have been defrauded of his property rights. Now he is engaged in preparing for the publication of a volume of Scotch-American poetry, and his errand to Lord Musselburgh is to procure assistance from a business and literary acquaintance in the matter.

When her grandfather accepts £50 from Lord Musselburgh. On the way home she asks her grandfather for an evasive answer which evidently convinces her that her grandfather is not in earnest. At last she has been so far from home that she comes to the conclusion that George Bethune and his daughter are after Vin's money.

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Monthly Beauty of the Glass House.

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